Free Insurance against ALL War Risks. *See page 20.*

488161

JOHN BULL

Vol. XVIII. No. 467 SATURDAY, MAY 15, 1915 ONE PENNY

[Registered at the G.P.O. as a Newspaper.]

For meaning of this No. see Page II. of Cover.

Come the three corners of the world in arms,
And we shall shock them: nought shall make us rue,
If *Britain* to itself do rest but true.

Edited by
HORATIO BOTTOMLEY.

Largest Circulation of any Weekly Journal in the United Kingdom.

OUR STUPENDOUS FREE INSURANCE (See page 20.) If you desire to avoid the necessity of filling up this weekly coupon you may sign the Newsagent's Order Form on page 20, and forward the duplicate to us and you will be permanently insured during such period as this Insurance scheme remains in force.

SPECIAL NOTE.—If you do not make use of the Newsagent's form on page 20, fill in this form and carefully retain it. In the event of a claim it must be forwarded to the Editor of "John Bull" within seven days of the date of the accident

GREAT WAR INSURANCE COUPON.

(Insuring against ALL War Risks, as specified on page 20.)

Name of Insured..... Address.....

.....

Age next Birthday..... Date of Signature.....

NOMINATION FORM.

In the event of my being injured or killed on land within the British Isles, or of my home or its contents being damaged, I hereby nominate first myself, or in the event of my Death:—

Name..... Address.....

to receive such sum as may become payable under the terms of the Insurance Scheme set out in "JOHN BULL."

This coupon must be signed by the Insured—or, in the case of children under twelve years of age, by their parents or legal guardians—and is available for London and twelve-mile radius till 8 a.m. Wednesday, May 19, and all other parts of the British Isles till 8 a.m. Thursday, May 20.

WHAT IS YOUR NUMBER?

Every copy of JOHN BULL bears upon its cover a distinctive number, and every week FIFTY of such numbers will be drawn and PUBLISHED IN THE FOLLOWING ISSUE

To each of the holders of copies of JOHN BULL *of specified date*, bearing any of such numbers, we will, upon production within seven days of publication (a reasonable extension will be allowed to foreign and Colonial claimants) of a sufficient portion of the cover to identify the date and number, pay the sum of ONE GUINEA in return for his using his best endeavour for one week to increase our circulation. Before the money is paid we require a full report of all the work done.

The following have sent in correct claims:—

W. H. KING, 81, Garnett Street, Leeds Road, Bradford. April 24th. 705,511.

M. NICHOLLS, 31, Albot Street, Dalston, N.E. March 13th. A073,471

The following are the fifty numbers for our issue May 8th:—

001240	191268	419374	632934	865603
025482	198589	429960	654980	874277
045848	219371	467968	687301	894144
075100	231485	499192	697181	901316
081066	243112	501606	713205	951428
098796	268262	530016	721936	974682
128950	304552	544891	751567	991675
138063	361481	595836	757650	A002563
151424	379968	596930	819733	A061408
170408	384008	619944	838655	A095634

(An A prefixed to a drawn number indicates it is as plus a million.

The Fifty Numbers in respect of this week will be announced in our next issue (published May 19th).

JOHN BULL PEN COUPON. Value 1d.

By sending this Coupon with P.O. for 2/6 and loose 1d. stamp for postage, the holder is entitled to receive a John Bull Gold Nibbed Fountain Pen. Additional Coupons up to 12 from "John Bull" any dates, may be saved and used in part payment, each counting as 1d. off the price. You may send 13 Coupons, and P.O. for 1/6 only and loose 1d. stamp for postage. Address Pen Dept., "John Bull," Long Acre, London, W.C. May 15th, 1915.

N.B.—State whether you prefer a Fine, Medium, or Broad Nib.

JOHN BULL ENTRANCE FORM.

HORSES ENTERED FOR THE WILTSHIRE PLATE.

To be run at Salisbury, Thursday, May 20th.

	SPRING THYME		SAN JUAN
	ALEGRO		GREY BARBARIAN
	THRICE		WYNBURY
	LAST OF THE LENAS		NANCY O'NEIL
	TEA BISCUIT		MICHIGAN
	OLD CASTLE		COURAGEOUS
	ST. ANTOINE		SANESO
	MELKARTH		BENEVOLENT
	POL ROGER		COU-COU
	EAGER EYES		RED FINCH
	AMOUREUSE		FATHER CREEPER
	WILD ARUM		BY GEORGE!
	DERNIER CRI		BANNOCKBURN
	PARVUS		LADY FALOTTA
	YANKEE PRO		SANDMOLE
	MORVINA		RIEUR
	MEDIATOR		SILLER
	EGRETTA		RANETITE
	WISE SYMON		PREPAID
	SPEEDYFOOT		

I enter "JOHN BULL" Racing Competition in accordance with the rules announced on page 28, and agree to accept the Editor's published decision as final and legally binding, and enter on that understanding.

Signed.....

Address.....

.....

B Entrance Forms must be cut, not torn out.

RESULT OF 134th Bullets Competition.

FIRST PRIZE OF £250:—

Mr. J. M. BRATTY,
65, Oswald Street, Glasgow.

Example: GERMAN RAIDERS.
Bullet: No "SAVING" GRACE.

FIVE WAR PRIZES OF £20 EACH:—

Mr. DUDLEY S. THOMAS, 93, Camberwell Grove, London, S.E.:
SPRING FASHIONS—OPEN TO SUGGESTION.

Mr. THOMAS KNAPPS (Staff), Goodmayes Asylum, Ilford, Essex:
DRASTIC MEASURES—DEFYING THE "DUTCH."

Mr. HENRY A. OSBORNE, c/o. Messrs. Allan's, 36, King Street, Wigan:
THE FINAL RESULT—HAME MOTHER SELECTS.

Mr. S. C. ROGER, Distribution Department, Gas Works, Plymouth
MAKES KAISER ANGRY—"STAFF" NO SUPPORT.

Private W. DOUGLASS, 1st N.G.H., R.A.M.C.T., Brighton Grove, Newcastle-on-Tyne:
ODDS AGAINST—TELEPHONE ACCOUNTS AGREEING.

FIVE PRIZES OF £5 EACH:—

Miss BEATRICE RAWNE, 69, Edith Road, West Kensington, W.:
SILENT SUFFERING—FAMILY ALBUM UNCLASPED.

Mrs. J. JAMES, 59, Church Lane, Normanton, Yorks:
ODDS AGAINST—SNOWMAN'S "JUST STARTING."

Miss POLLIE LOCK, 33, George Street, Hyde, Manchester:
THE RECRUITING SERGEANT—"RIGHT STAMP" COLLECTOR.

Mr. GEO. W. PHILLIPS, 37, Coin Street, Stamford Street, London, S.E.:
ODDS AGAINST—TOWNSMAN KNOWING TOWN.

Mr. GERALD D. HARVEY, 11, Bromley Avenue, Sefton Park, Liverpool:
THE RECRUITING SERGEANT—TO CRIME—HUNGER.

10 PRIZE OF £2 10s. EACH:—

Mr. C. CHAPMAN, 777, High Road, Tottenham, London, N.:
IN THE MORNING—"MAID UP" RARELY.

Mr. E. ALDER, 78, Woodville Road, Thornton Heath:
A BAD DROP—AVOIDED TIPPING PORTER.

Miss E. RAWLINSON, 50, Woodhall Road, Old Swan, Liverpool:
MAKES KAISER ANGRY—RIGHT WITHOUT "MAIN."

Mr A. E. SIMPKINS, s.s. "Charing Cross," Troon, Scotland:
THE FINAL RESORT—"TURF" FINISHES HIM.

Mr. ARTHUR POLHORNE, 14, Meade Grove, Longsight, Manchester:
ROAD TO BERLIN—NUMEROUS "STARTS" ALREADY.

Miss B. CATES, 247, Cheltenham Road, Bristol:
STRIKING SUCCESS—SMOKERS THINK SHOP-FRONT.

Mr. R. H. WARD, 31, Elton Road, Bristol:
FIRST ATTACK—CORK—THEN "CONTENTS."

Mr. W. E. MEAD, 37, Bath Road, Exeter:
ODDS AGAINST—GERMANY FIRST THREE.

Mr. GEO. MCCOMMON, 57, Isaac Street, Liverpool:
A HOT FAVOURITE—ADJECTIVE—AFTER RACE.

Mr. CHARLES JAMES AXFORD, 1, Oozebooth Terrace, Blackburn:
FIRST ATTACK—KAISER THOUGHT "FINAL."

A complete List of all Cash and other Prize-Winners in the above Competition can be seen at the Offices of "John Bull."

JOHN BULL.

Politics without Party—Criticism without Cant:
Without Fear or Favour, Rancour or Rant.

Vol. XVIII. No. 467. Week ending Saturday, May 15th, 1915. One Penny.

IMPORTANT NOTICE.

Letters must be addressed to the Editor or the Publisher, according to whether they relate to Editorial or Business matters. All communications should be addressed to 93, LONG ACRE, LONDON, W.C.

All remittances, applications for advertising space, subscriptions, orders, etc., should be addressed to Odhams Limited, 93 and 94, Long Acre, London, W.C.

£10 REWARD.

WANTED, the Copies of "JOHN BULL" for May 8th, 1915, bearing on the Cover the Numbers 386,573 and 496,645.

Any person possessing either of these copies will be paid £5 upon applying to

THE MANAGER, "JOHN BULL," 93, LONG ACRE, LONDON, W.C.

THE WORLD, THE FLESH, AND THE DEVIL.

[The Editor discourses upon passing events and topics of the day.]

Still Optimistic.

Do we still think the war will be practically over in the summer is a question which is asked us every day. The answer is in the affirmative.

A New Camp-aign.

We have broken out in a fresh place—and are now busy paying visits to our training camps, doing our best to make the boys understand what they are about to fight for—and secure. Seaford was our first venue—and what a splendid lot of fellows they are there! By the way, we wish Lloyd George would run down and have a peep at the model canteen of the 12th Cheshires, organised by Colonel Benet Dampier, the Officer Commanding—and as fine a type of soldier as any Tommy ever served under.

Ireland.

We speak with reserve, and with a due sense of responsibility, when we say that all is not well with Ireland. The Ulster volunteers have gone to the front, whilst the majority of the Nationalist ones have enlisted "for home defence." At least, that is the story which reaches us—and, if true, it accounts for the feeling of uneasiness in Belfast as to what will happen when the war is over, and the Home Rule crisis is re-opened. What says Mr. Redmond?

Epsom *Hospital* Derby Week.

All particulars next week. We are not quite ready.

A Licence to Drink.

Somebody is reviving the old proposal for the issue of Drink Permits. We do not like it. Too much of the thin end of the wedge about it.

Discharged Heroes.

Whatever may be said about the desirableness of striking a special medal for rejected volunteers, surely there can be no objection to a badge for men discharged through wounds or illness, and who are consequently not entitled to continue to wear the King's uniform.

***Golden* Bullets.**

As will be seen by a reference to page 32, we are this week offering the mammoth prize of £1,000 for the best literary "Bullet" constructed by our readers under the simplified scheme recently announced. Why not go in and win?

Any Further Orders?

Mr. Churchill recently suggested that we should pay a few more visits to war munition works, and upon our inquiring which centres he would like us to select, he sends us the following—to go on with! Newcastle, Jarrow, Birkenhead, Liverpool, Govan, Clydebank, Barrow, Cardiff, Bristol, Southampton and Canning Town! We really shall have very little time for brick-making!

The Old Story!

From our speech to the Clyde workers: "I suggest that instead of tinkering with prohibition, and things of that kind, Mr. Lloyd George should direct his attention to forbidding the sale of raw and immature spirits and bad beer—which play the devil with those who drink them." You know the rest.

Officer's Kits.

Several officers complain to us that, having originally received a kit allowance inadequate to meet the necessary outlay, they are coolly expected, when ordered out to warm climates, to provide themselves with a new and appropriate outfit at their own expense. Rather rough on the officer of limited means.

Billeting Bungling.

A reader asks us the following pertinent question. He says: "Why cannot the billeting officer leave at every house where he requisitions accommodation a leaflet explaining the duty of the householder towards his 'guests,' so that he may know exactly what is required of him?" He adds: "I am only desirous of knowing the minimum amount of hospitality that is legally required of me, and I need hardly say that anything I can do to make our brave soldiers happy and comfortable whilst under my roof will give me the greatest pleasure." Quite so.

Altered Times.

The old motto: Peace, Retrenchment and Reform. The new one: War, *En*trenchment and Re-form.

£1,000 (one thousand pounds!) for the best "Bullet" this week. See page 32.

St. George's Chapel Scandal.

A few days ago an American gentleman and some friends visited Windsor Castle and "was indeed horrified, and naturally very indignant, with others, to find in St. George's Chapel, over the choir stalls, the banners of the Germhun Emperor, the Emperor of Austria, and the Crown Prince still hanging." We said months ago, and we repeat, that this constitutes an outrageous scandal. We shall never believe it is intended to inflict any very serious lesson on the Kaiser while those banners of infamy are flaunted in the private chapel of our Sovereign Lord the King; they should be ignominiously flung out of the windows and publicly burned. His Majesty is not in accord with public sentiment in this matter; in the words of the American visitor himself, "It is an injustice to the British people and an insult to the mothers, wives, and families of those who are so courageously shedding their blood against these Huns."

Recruiting at Skipton.

Since last we focussed the attention of an astonished land on the Skipton District Council, that eminent body have put their backs into the recruiting, with a vengeance; they have recruited an unmarried youth of 22 for the rate-collecting, out of 100 applicants. T e only justification can, of course, be that the new rate collector is medically unfit; if not, we should have thought they would have given him a chance to fight the battles of his country, and appointed a man "too old at forty," or a mother of six. It does not need a warrior to collect rates. Anybody who can bang a house knocker or stand on a door step or treat his inferiors like black beetles, is qualified for the job, so that the District Council had a wide choice. Besides, there is nobody in Skipton who would worry if the Council refrained from collecting rates until the end of the war; and in leaving the vacancy vacant they would have saved an official salary.

L'Affaire Dunkirk.

A great many funny things happen on land and sea, and *L'Affaire Dunkirk* strikes us as being one of them. The fact that the Germhuns are near enough to bombard Dunkirk—not once, but three times within an interval of a few days—is, at least, matter for thought. First we were told that the bombardment was from several howitzers from several different directions; the last report is the alleged statement of a Germhun prisoner that it was the work of a Krupp naval gun mounted somewhere behind Nieuport, a distance of 24 miles. That is a very long way, and, speaking without any special knowledge of gunnery, we should say that to fire a shell from that distance and hit the target at the first shot is remarkably good practice. On the whole, sorting out the things we know from the things we don't, we conjecture the Germhuns are rather nearer Dunkirk than some of us suppose.

The Virtue of Patience.

Perhaps one of these fine days, when the Censor is more pleased with the state of affairs, he will be kind enough to lift the veil of mystery. Meanwhile, too, hundreds of thousands of troops in this country, trained to the ounce and fit as fiddles, are still forming fours, and taking their best girls for a walk, and getting leave off to look at the shops; and if we had not the fullest confidence in Kitchener, and French, and Joffre, we should want to know the "reason why." As a matter of fact, the troops at home are continually asking themselves why they are not put to the job for which they enlisted. They have had enough of the swaggering stick and want to get along with the bayonet. Can't they go out *now*?

The Changelin s.

According to the *Chicago Daily Journal* and F. Gardner, of 1917, North Desplaines St., Chicago, the German Emperor is not the rightful occupant of the throne, but he is merely the son of a mail carrier, "who regularly carried mail between Berlin and a town near the Rhine." F. Gardner himself is the true Kaiser Frederick William Hohenzollern, being the first-born son of the Emperor Frederick and the Empress Victoria. He says it himself, so it must be so. According to his account, his birth was premature, and for fear of a scandal he was given into the care of the mail carrier mentioned, whose own son, five months later, was turned over to the officials of the German Court. He also declares that when his first claim was laid before the German government, an offer of $5,000,000 in settlement was made. As regards this part of the story we are inclined to be sceptical; but that William II. may be the son of a German mail carrier we consider more than likely. The vulgarity of his character and cruelty of his nature, as shown by his acquiescence in the Belgian and other atrocities, mark him as being a man of low origin. We do not by this desire to cast a slur upon mail carriers as a class. They are a worthy body of men. But a German mail carrier is a horse of another colour, and we can easily conceive the Bloody Butcher of Berlin owing his origin to such a one.

"Calm and Dignity."

Perhaps never before has the world witnessed the spectacle of a whole nation gone mad. Every class in Germany seems to be bitten by crazy Nietzsches. Even the journalists do not know what they are sayir g or doing. Consider the *Cologne Gazette:* "Eventually," it says, "history will show to the world the calm and dignity which the German newspapers have preserved. . . . None of our journals since the opening of the war has published anything comparable to the fiendish inventions of the French press or the cold perfidy of the English papers. We have given a proof of good taste and delicacy." And while the madman of the *Cologne Gazette* is writing in this way, the madman of the *Hamburg Nachrichten* froths: "Our Zeppelins have already been at the gates of London. The German people wish and demand that our dirigibles shall fly over that city, and drop bombs and unloose fire and frightfulness on the buildings and around the hearthstones of the capital of the people who have pitilessly forced upon the world war and ruin. We must not let this criminal nation, which has slaughtered so many of our sons, remain in peaceable enjoyment of luxury and comfort!" Taste and delicacy, indeed!

A Visit from Mr. Atkins.

Cumberland newspapers chronicle a discussion by the Holme Cultram District Council regarding the coming of soldiers to Silloth. Silloth, it seems, wanted troops billeted in the town during the winter months, but got them not. Now there is to be an encampment of artillery on the shores of the Solway, in close proximity to the town, and the Rev. R. A. Humble was moved to murmur thereat. "It was just possible," he opined, "that the proposed visit was not so desirable as it might appear on the surface. Some of the visitors who were in the habit of coming to Silloth in the summer might not come if they knew they had soldiers there." Surely snuffling visitors of the variety hinted at by the reverend gentleman are quite welcome to stay away from Silloth; the place will be much sweeter without them—and much more attractive will that pleasant spot prove to decent, healthy-minded patrons when it boasts an artillery camp. Passing strange it is how the word "soldier" affects the minds of some parsons—especially parsons of the Humble kind.

A Boon to every Soldier and Sailor—a "John Bull" Fountain Pen.

For Conscience Sake!

There is a working man with a very large family dwelling in the neighbourhood of Southend, who is afflicted with pacifist scruples of the most virulent type. It has been his wont to hold forth at street-corners, and an ugly rumour is afloat to the effect that his specious arguments, falling upon gullible ears, have proved in several cases a hindrance to recruiting. This man lately fell upon evil times, applied to the Labour Exchange for work, and was offered a job at Woolwich Arsenal. Having, presumably, retired to his closet to pray for guidance in the matter, he emerged and sat down to write the following letter to the manager of the Labour Exchange :—

> DEAR SIR,—I am returning Card. I have thought the matter over carefully and as beleiver In the Lord Jeusus I cannot accept a Job Like that it is Quite true that I should not be employed making Explosives but I should help, in directly. Now, I will Give my reasons for not going. first God is my refug and strenght in Him will I trust we are told too do Good to All men Live Peacbly as much as lieth in our power Could I do it in having anything to do with explosive or fire arms will not these things cause suffering misery want is God my strengh if I am going to get behind concrete fortress Shall I not have to give an account of myself down here Scripture says once to die after death Judgment I want to Live to please Him who Loved me and Gave Himself for me The Labour of my hands to produce something for the benefit of others as well as *myself* We are living in a dreadful day. If we Just think of man's ambition *to* become a hero in taking another Life this is folly to me May God save us hurting our fellow creature beleive me to remain *your* sincerly. . . .

And this same canting humbug then has the audacity to apply to the Prince of Wales' Fund for relief! Would it be credited that the man's family are on the verge of starvation, and that the only barrier between them and comparative comfort is the insane fanaticism or criminal laziness of their father? That is the type of slacker we should like to place in the forward trenches.

Sleepy Watch-Dogs.

We are still of opinion that the Government should adopt more stringent measures against enemy aliens, but the evil of the present situation is largely attributable to the apathy of magistrates who decline to give full effect to the existing law. Thus, at Sheffield the other day, a young Austrian, named Julius Wurscher, was fined £100, when by every rule of equity and prudence he should have been sent to jail. Found in possession of a camera and other photographic apparatus, and of a number of suspicious photographs, the prisoner had first of all strained every nerve to evade arrest, and had subsequently lied like a Teuton to account for his unlawful possession of the weapons of espionage. Faced with these facts, and with other evidence of a most damaging character, the Bench should have had no hesitation in imposing a rigorous sentence; but, as we say, they were content with a monetary penalty, which, of course, was immediately discharged. Small wonder if some people fail to realise that we are at war for our national existence.

L.C.C. and Enlistment.

An ex-tramway employee of the London County Council states (1) that the Council is refusing permission to their tram employees to enlist, and (2) that "should they condescend to give the required permission, they retain the right of choosing the unit you should join." To the extent that either of these things is true, it is not a good example to set, though if the Council makes the answer that it must have somebody to drive the cars in the public interest, we shall have difficulty in meeting it.

A Frugal Mind.

To judge from his *obiter dicta* in a recent case, the Worshipful Mr. Varwell, of the Exeter City Bench, appears to entertain somewhat crude notions of economic justice. A woman butcher was summoned for employing a boy of school age for too many hours on a Saturday, and in the ordinary course the father of the lad was called to give evidence. It was the usual story of small means and a large family—eight children to feed and clothe upon an income of twenty-five shillings a week—and the boy's earnings had gone to eke out the father's slender wage. But with Mr. Varwell in the seat of justice, the harassed parent had come to the wrong shop for sympathy. The man, he said, was earning "a decent wage" and he "ought not to allow his son to work so long." A decent wage, forsooth! Twenty-five shillings a week to support ten people!—with bread at 9d. a quartern and meat at famine prices. Think again, Varwell.

A Voice from Jellicoe.

The Rev. G. S. Jellicoe, nephew of the Admiral of the Seven Seas, says he does hope the present Government will take note of our serious observations. All we care to say about it is that, if they don't, they will be sorry. If at any time the Government do not see what they want in our window, we hope they will step inside and ask for it—but as all our goods are windowed in turn and marked in plain figures it is improbable there will be any delay or deficiency of supplies. We reciprocate the Rev. G. S. Jellicoe's good wishes. Should there be anything we can do at any time to assist his illustrious uncle, we shall be delighted. One good turn deserves another.

Belgian Babes by Hun Fathers.

The unhappy plight of hundreds of expectant Belgian mothers, victims of German lust, should certainly be greatly ameliorated by the good work being done by the Refugee Belgian Mothers' Association, which is under the patronage of H.M. Queen Alexandra, and of H.E. Count de Lalaing, Belgian Minister. The President is Mr. A. Rowland Harris, who will despatch immediately upon receipt of application (by letter only) to any and every refugee Belgian expectant mother, a complete baby outfit absolutely free, gratis, and for nothing. Letters should be addressed to Mr. Rowland Harris, at 10, Temple Avenue, London, E.C.

"Made in Germany."

One would imagine that somebody or other in the War Office would have had sufficient sense not to insult the imperial sentiments of our boys in khaki. Yet in one of the regimental canteens the troops are being served with pickled beans on enamelled tin plates "Made in Germany." Why are contractors allowed to inflict these senseless outrages on the troops? Here we are fighting Germany for all we are worth, and yet all the while our troops in waiting are being stuffed with beans served on Germhun platters. There is an abundance of British plates and patriotic pickles in this land, and Army contractors should be compelled to supply them.

Ironmongers to the Front.

An advertisement page of the *Ironmonger*, dated April 3rd, lies before us. Under the heading "Situations Open," we find nineteen advertisements for assistants, etc., of military age, and seventeen similar advertisements in which no age is indicated, and which would inferentially admit those of military age—whereas there appears *only one* advertisement which states specifically that applicants must "not be eligible for Army." Perhaps we should be thankful that there was at least one patriotic ironmonger amongst the thirty-seven

£100 for a Correct Sporting Forecast. Final Coupon this week.

Non-Coms. and Commissions.

Perhaps the chief reason why the War Office is disinclined to commission non-commissioned officers is that they are in most nstances the backbone of a regiment. The more competent a non-com. is as a soldier the more valuable is he in his place; knowing this, Commanding Officers do as little as possible to help him up. In one case within our knowledge, the father of a non-com. had to pull all the strings of aristocratic influence he could think of before the Colonel would soften his heart and sign the papers; the trick was done by this influence and by nothing else whatever. We trust German editors will not exaggerate this into more than it means, when we say it is an undoubted fact that a large number of very gallant but very inexperienced boys have been made officers. They will do their best, no doubt, and their best may turn out splendid; but it really should be remembered that "And a little child shall lead them" was not spoken of British soldiers marching on to war.

The Charge against Chagford.

We are informed that a party of recruiting tourists recently paid a visit to Chagford, Devon, where they were entertained to supper and provided with sleeping accommodation for the night, free of charge. On leaving the following morning, one of the recruiters is reported to have lifted up his voice and said that Chagford was a disgrace to the tour. The reason for this nasty remark was that at the meeting the previous evening they had succeeded in securing only one new recruit. As a matter of fact, we have reason to believe that Chagford has done very well in the matter, and that the solitary recruit secured by the touring party did not fairly represent the patriotic spirit that animates the place. Consequently, divers inhabitants are wrath that their town should be dubbed a disgrace, more especially by one who had eaten their salt—free, gratis, and for nothing—and enjoyed balmy sleep at no expense to himself. He should hasten to make Chagford some amends.

Wounded, but Ready.

"When you see a good thing, pass it on," is the motto of an observant reader who tells us of a good thing he saw one day last month at Wellington, Somerset. Being a business man, he tells his story in a plain, business-like way, and we shall follow his lead. It commences with a runaway horse, attached to a carriage containing two ladies—which makes an exciting beginning. The runaway tore past several able-bodied men, who made no effort to stop it, but left the deed to be done by a wounded soldier who had lost the use of his left arm. "Had it not been for his presence of mind"—and promptness of movement—"a most serious accident would have occurred." Our correspondent asks us to state that the name of the wounded warrior was Lce.-Corpl. Albert Studley, and we do so with pleasure. Good luck to the gallant soldier, and more power to his elbow—both elbows!

The Recruits' Reward.

A paragraph in the *London Teacher*, under the heading of "War Items," is instructive reading at this time of day:—"Messrs. Taylor and Hart, two assistant teachers on the staff of the Jews' Deaf and Dumb Home, Wandsworth Common, have enlisted in the Army Service Corps. As the Committee could not see their way clear to keep their berths open, they have resigned." To anybody compiling a pamphlet on "How *Not* to Encourage Recruiting," this should be a precious titbit. Yet we suppose the members of that Committee consider themselves nice people, good servants of the State, and true patriots. Our opinion of them, based on this action of theirs, inclines to the contrary.

A Sensible Suggestion.

Compliments come so often that we are going to engage a man to do our blushing; all the same, it is a real pleasure to find we are so much appreciated by the boys who are attending to the nation's business. "Every week," a reader informs us, "I receive a reminder, 'Don't forget to send JOHN BULL.' I have a letter in my possession from my brother, who has been out there since August, in which he says that, if he does not hide JOHN BULL when he gets it, he stands a poor chance of seeing it at all! As your paper is evidently in great demand, may I suggest to regular readers they should buy an extra copy to send to the Front?" We hereby endorse this excellent suggestion; we hate to think of our soldier friends being driven to "borrow" us from a comrade because copies are scarce out there. Buy that extra copy, and send it on.

Post Office Protests.

Judging from many bitter complaints, Mr. Hobhouse has been singularly maladroit in his handling of the Postal Workers' grievances. With one breath he granted the demand for arbitration; with the next he declared he would fight the case to the very uttermost—which appears to be a clumsy way to propitiate people. And the figures he quotes relating to big earnings are beside the mark. As a correspondent puts the case to us, "it is the lower-paid men who require a war bonus; there are 26,000 men of marriageable age in receipt of only 22s. per week. How can a man keep a wife on 22s. a week?" It would certainly not be a life of luxury, with food and other necessaries at present prices.

Capable of Misconstruction.

An indignant soldier sends us a notice received by his wife from the Regimental Paymaster, running:—"I regret to inform you that owing to your husband forfeiting 28 days' pay for *misconduct*, I am compelled to deduct 28 days' allotment money." He wrathfully asks, "What would any woman think?" We quite agree that a matrimonial partner of a jealous disposition might draw an unpleasant inference from the use of such a word—and would suggest to the authorities that, instead, they should adopt some such phrase as "breach of discipline," or any other term more precisely applicable to the facts.

How They Do Do.

We have it from Shrewsbury that "notwithstanding that our soldiers imprisoned in Germany are being brutally treated and slowly starved to death, in close confinement, we not only feed the German prisoners here but take them out for a daily walk in the country for the benefit of their health." Why worry? Kind hearts are more than coronets and simple faith than German blood. The time is not far distant when the War Office will give instructions that all interned Germans shall be taken at least twice a week to see the pictures.

Bravo, Clapton O's!

Here are the names and ranks of Orient Football Club lads who have joined the colours:—Sergt. Parker, Corporal Dalrymple, Corporal Gibson, Lance-Corporal McFadden, and Privates Hugall, Tilley, Evans, Pearson, Raw and Jonas. Not bad for one club, is it? But, you see, its headquarters are in South Hackney!

Have You Your Badge?

If not, send a postal order for a shilling to John Bull's Store, Brownlow House, High Holborn, and they will send you it—the British citizenship badge, with the proud motto, *Civis Britannicus Sum*. Every Briton should be wearing one in these days.

Do you want £2 a week for life? If so, turn to page 21.

BARKS AND BITES.

BY OUR BULL-DOG.

(A page of caustic notes from the pen of a well-known writer.)

It is a mistake to suppress the truth about our casualties. Anyone in touch with the Red Cross people at Boulogne knows the truth. The number of casualties in the Dardanelles affair is equally well known to many people. Why suppress the figures? Why suppress the truth about the poison and germ-spreading campaign organised by the Huns? Why suppress the fact that Germany has been buying thousands of tons of coal from Cardiff at 15s. a ton, while poor folk were paying nearly 40s. a ton? Why suppress the fact that Indian wheat is being eaten by rats while German vessels lie idly interned in British ports? The sooner Mr. Bonar Law and Mr. Chamberlain, or two sound men of business, join the Government, and the sooner Lord Haldane and Mr. McKenna leave it, the better for John Bull.

Tapping the Teuton Pocket.

In his Budget speech the Chancellor omitted all reference to the assets that might be divisible among the petitioning creditors on the liquidation of the German Empire. It is too early to talk of indemnity, but it is not too early to speak of the enormously valuable asset that exists in the diamondiferous sand wastes of German South West Africa. At the beginning of the war Mr Harcourt wisely reserved to the Imperial Government (meaning Downing Street) the final disposition of the German Colony from which the Boches are being ejected by General Botha and Sir George Farrar. If the world ever settles down again the cash value of German South West Africa is probably equal to that of several Kimberleys or a couple of Johannesburgs German profits on the windswept diamonds extracted from exposed gravel have been rigorously kept a secret. Britain, in the event of victory, has all the trumps in her hand, and it is only fair that a large part of the undeveloped property in diamonds should be earmarked for the British taxpayer who is bleeding his money at every pore. The British taxpayer is financing the Union of South Africa and bearing the cost of the Botha-Farrar expedition.

An Equitable Set-off.

When the facts are revealed to the public the unwisdom of keeping the country in the dark at the present time will be demonstrated. Shrewd Germans and German-Jewish capitalists have marked down South West Africa for their own, but the British working man and the British voter, properly informed of the facts, will insist that German diamonds, when captured, shall be a partial set-off against British war taxes.

Currency and Credit in the Colonies.

Malta is recovering the importance the island has always possessed in time of war. The master of Malta has always exerted the mastery of the seas. For that reason the credit of Britain and her allies in Malta is an important question. The Maltese charge the British soldier sixpence to cash one pound notes which, of course, ought to be made legal tender. Also there is a huge discrepancy in the rates of exchange for French money. For five francs silver three shillings and ninepence is paid, while for fifty francs paper you get two pounds, two shillings and ninepence. Is it too much to ask the Treasury and the Colonial Office to attend to the question of British currency and British credit in the Crown Colonies? Gold is being hoarded, and before the end of the war the hoarding of gold may become a danger to the State.

The Maniacal Monarch.

The Kaiser's madness is scarcely in doubt. Sir George Savage, the great alienist speaks of madness as "Loss of Higher Control." Madness has been manifest throughout the Kaiser's career. The Knight of the Garter who sits on the Prussian throne now shows fresh maniacal and homicidal tendencies. The probability is that the disease will develop into suicidal mania. The definite statements and beliefs of an insane person do not accord with facts as observed by a normal and sane man. Thus a "G.P.I." with exaggerated ideas of grandeur may assert that he is the German Emperor when obviously he is not the German Emperor. Such a man may boast of his fortune though he is a pauper. The insidious part of Wilhelm's madness lies in the fact that he can give effect to exaggerated ideas of grandeur, owing to his Imperial position, without being suspected of madness by the general public. King Edward believed his nephew to be of unsound mind. The man in the street regards imperial grandeur as natural in the case of a monarch, and does not make nice distinctions between the sense of grandeur which is sane and that which is insane.

A Clear Case.

The cumulative evidence for the Kaiser's madness is complete. The mastery of the world, the mastery of Europe, the hate of Britain, the Army and Navy, the lust for blood and poison and the religious obsessions prove the Emperor to be of unsound mind, certifiable as such by competent alienists—as JOHN BULL has already proved.

The Enemy Within the Gates.

The registration form issued for use in hotels, inns and lodging houses exempts all British subjects (including naturalised Germans) from giving information as to their birthplace, age, sex, permanent address, trade or occupation; or whether they have served in any army, navy or police force; or their last address before arrival; or their new address or destination. Since the sole object of registration is to hasten the end of the war by stopping espionage and the movement of enemies, the exemption of naturalised Germans, Turks and Austrians from giving particulars of identity on changing their address is puzzling to Business men. Enemy subjects are more dangerous than enemy aliens. Two facts have come to my knowledge which, if generally known, would stiffen public opinion against the German spies in England.

Wanted, Official Intelligence.

The first fact is the number of wounded British soldiers arriving in Boulogne within seven days of the Germans crossing the Yser Canal and bending the British line. The second fact is that while the re-taking of Neuve Chapelle was officially described in glowing terms, the first occasion on which Neuve Chapelle was taken, last autumn, when five British battalions were practically wiped out, was passed by in silence. Why? The copious detail as to Canadian valour, given in Sir Max Aitken's dispatch, sharply contrasts with the official silence on the doings of the Australian brigade at the Dardanelles in the capture of the bridge commanding the five valleys that lead to the forts on the western bank. If the courage of Canadians can be safely described in stirring terms, the prowess of Australians and New Zealanders need not be hidden under a bushel. If the doughty deeds of the London Scottish can be recounted without imparting information to the enemy why not encourage recruiting by systematic and precise information as to the doings of every regiment at the front? Nothing stirs recruiting like victory, unless it be disaster. To withhold from the public accomplished facts, for fear of popular anger, is not Business.

NOW FOR THE VENDETTA!

"VENGEANCE IS MINE"—saith the Lord.

By HORATIO BOTTOMLEY.

Although I am responsible for the weekly article which fills this space, I write to-day in the first person, under my name, that there may be no doubt as to its authorship, and no uncertainty about the identity of the individual to be arrested and prosecuted if, in the view of a timorous and nerveless executive, I have transgressed the bounds of legitimate journalism—or, peradventure, violated some prohibition of the Defence of the Realm Act, or some regulation of the Censor.

I call for a Vendetta—a vendetta against every German in Britain, whether "naturalised" or not. As I have said elsewhere, you cannot naturalise an unnatural beast—a human abortion—a hellish freak. But you *can* exterminate it. And now the time has come. We have all been very patient—patient with the Government; patient with the enemy. Sea pirates and murderers, instead of being left to drown, or being hanged at the mast of a British ship, are being fed and clothed by us "pending full inquiry." Bestial Prussian officers are being pampered and petted; traitors within our own gates are being tolerated and humoured; thousands upon thousands of German savages are roaming at large in our midst—and all the time our brave honourable soldiers are being poisoned and asphyxiated in the trenches; our wounded are being tortured; prisoners are being starved and insulted; unfortified towns are being bombarded; peaceful civilians—old men, women and children—are being murdered; trawlers and merchant vessels are being sunk; and now comes the crowning infamy of the *Lusitania*. And by the time these words are read, our politicians will be gabbling moth-eaten platitudes about "reparation" and "reprisals"—*later on*! What America will be saying, or doing, I know not; but if she will stand this latest outrage—well, she will deserve it. I know that the German element in the United States is powerful, especially from the point of view of the professional politician; but so it is in Canada; still that did not prevent the boys of the Anglo-Saxon breed from taking a hand in the great job. I am not so hopeful about America; but I shall reserve judgment for the moment. Next week I shall have something to say on the matter.

WHAT IS A VENDETTA?

Let me explain. The orthodox definition is—Private Warfare occasioned by insult or injury. That would do to go on with; but let us follow the matter a bit further. A more correct description would be—A private blood feud, in which a family resolves to avenge an outrage upon one of its members—often of generations gone by—by reprisals upon the members or descendants of the offending family. The vendetta, indeed, was often hereditary—being passed down from generation to generation—and is still prevalent in Sicily, Sardinia, Corsica and some of the Balkan States, and, under the modified name of *feud*, even in certain of the States of America. Napoleon was a great disciple of the vendetta, and so, undoubtedly, is the Kaiser. In a sense he has declared a vendetta against the world, believing, in his madness, that all mankind—except the Austrians and Turks—are his enemy. May his belief soon prove true. And now for *my* vendetta. I have used the words "blood feud"—and I am not afraid of them. Personally, I am prepared to avenge every German outrage *in kind*. And I should welcome the formation of a National Council of Righteous Retribution—a National Vendetta, pledged to exterminate every German-born man (God forgive the term!) in Britain—and to deport every German-born woman and child. "Red ruin and the breaking up of laws" have no terror for me, *in these times*. I would let loose the bloodhounds of vengeance. I would pay the Germans in their own coin. I would hang the pirates, or let them drown. Like Mr. A. G. Hales, I would put in the field an army of Zulus and Basutos and other native and half-civilised tribes—and let them run amok in the enemy's ranks. I would give them all the asphyxiating gas they wanted. I would allow no prisoners to be taken, on either land or sea; and I would do a lot of other things. But it would all be very "wicked" and very "cruel"—and there would be the danger of German "reprisals," and all that sort of thing. At least, that is what you would be told; and it sounds so very plausible that you would probably believe it. As a matter of fact, it would end the war in a few weeks. But I will restrain myself and plead for a milder form of vendetta—and yet one which would be all-powerful for the peace of the world and the good of mankind.

AN APPEAL TO THE KING.

I would begin with an earnest appeal to His Majesty, amongst whose subjects there is none more loyal than myself. I would inform him—as I now very respectfully do—that he is unconsciously offending public sentiment by permitting the banner of the Kaiser to remain on the walls of St. George's Chapel, as a Knight of the Noble Order of the Garter—*and that it must come down*. If you tell me that St. George's is the private chapel of the King, I reply—that makes the matter worse. *The banner must come down.* Its presence is an insult to every other member of the Order, living and dead; and the Kaiser has by his hellish conduct of the war proved himself unfit to have his name and his shield associated with those of any greater nobility than the late Dr. Crippen and Charles Peace. *The banner must come down.* I have said it three times; and now I declare, in the name of the British people, a vendetta against it, and I say—it *shall* come down.

How long must we give, Your Majesty, for the thing to be done—seven days?

GERMAN PROPERTY.

Here, too, must be another vendetta. Every atom of property, of every kind, which can be traced to the possession of a German-born person now in this country, must become forfeit to the Crown. Credit can be given for it later on, off the war Indemnity. But in the meantime, every bank balance and every security in any bank to the credit of a son or daughter of the German empire; and every share in any company (and on the railway registers there is an enormous German element) must be forthwith expropriated. After all, the two most effective ways of hitting the Hun is through his pocket and his belly. We already seize his dividends, and keep them nice and safe for him, with the Public Trustee; now let us have his capital and his securities, and his houses and his land. That is the second vendetta.

ALIEN ENEMIES.

And there must be no more nonsense with these people. Registration is a farce. What right have they to roam about the land? Every woman of them must be kept under lock and key, and every man put to work—either mine-sweeping, or on trawlers, merchant ships and passenger vessels sailing within the prohibited "zone." Then the Kaiser will know that each time he sinks a vessel he will be expediting a fellow countryman on his way to Hell. And not one of them should be permitted to send or receive a letter to or from *anywhere*. As regards naturalised Germans, *they* should be registered, made to report themselves *every day, and compelled to wear a distinctive badge*, prominently displayed, so that they could be watched and traced whenever it was thought necessary. And they should be bound to be indoors, *with all lights out*, by a given hour. None of their children should be allowed to attend any school, either public or private; and all their property, of every description, should be held in trust by the State till after the war. That is vendetta number three.

THOSE INTERNED SHIPS.

And here is a fourth. What about those interned German ships? We must have several hundreds of them, in one place and another. Why, in the name of common sense—to say nothing of retaliation—are we allowing them to stand idle and useless, when they might be carrying grain or coal or otherwise serving our cause? Every one of these vessels should be *at once confiscated*. We have them—let us keep them. Surely the Germans will not object to such a mild war doctrine as "findings are keepings." *We will have those ships*, Mr. Asquith, please. Shall we say, seven days from now?

AFTER THE WAR.

And then, when the war is over, the vendetta must be kept up. No German must be allowed to live in our land. No shop, no factory, no office, no trade, no profession must be open to him. If by chance you should discover one day in a restaurant that you are being served by a German waiter, you will throw the soup in his foul face; if you find yourself sitting at the side of a German clerk, you will spill the inkpot over his vile head; and you must apply a similar principle wherever and whenever you happen to encounter one of the breed. In short, the moral leprosy of the tribe to which he belongs must be emphasised by a boycott in every relation of life. Picture how to-day the German barber, the German butcher, the German baker the German waiter and the German financier are grinning, and in their hellish hearts exulting over the tragedy of the *Lusitania*. Remember that the German is by instinct a spy, a sneak, a murderer, a ruffian, a barbarian—and that, whether "naturalised" or not, he is always a German. Look at the Kaiser. Any student of physiognomy must be struck with his essentially criminal, sensual face. He is a typical Mephistopheles. He looks all the villainies which he inspires and condones. In not a line or feature is there an expression of human compassion or tenderness; masterful brutality—overweening domination—are as plainly written on his loathsome countenance as were *Mene, Mene, Tekel, Eupharsin* on the walls of Belshazzar—and as this war proceeds to its appointed end, his face, like Belshazzar's, will change; the joints of his legs will become loosed and his knees will smite one another. A vendetta upon him! His fate is sealed. Let there be no further delay in bringing it about.

THE NATION'S JOB.

I am ignoring the Government. This is a nation's job. I do not trust the Government—I do not trust Lord Haldane. I believe that if the Kaiser visited us to-day, they would give him a State reception. Look at Haldane's *apologia* the other day for Herr Ballin, attributing to him "treachery of recollection" rather than damned lying! Before heaven and before us have the Germans sinned—sinned beyond forgiveness. They have placed themselves outside the pale of civilisation—and they must be crushed out of existence. And Italy and America must come in and help in the work. There must be no more diplomatic fooling. In these times and circumstances, a neutral power is an anomaly A Mad Mullah, with huge hosts behind him, is carrying fire and sword through the world. Murder, rape, piracy are his methods. He has been preparing long, with all the cunning of the mental and moral degenerate His breed, and in many cases his accomplices, are still in our midst. Away with them, my brothers! They have outraged every law of God and Man. "Vengeance is Mine," saith the Lord. Let it be yours, and mine, also. From to-day, the vendetta. Let every German beware. From to-day he is a pariah, and an outcast in our midst. We will have none of him. The Stock Exchange has set the example of throwing him out into the street. *We* will throw him into the gutter. Too long have we tolerated the beast. He has no place in the human family—to say nothing of the Anglo-Saxon branch of it. God, too, has borne him with patience—and to-day we are God's instruments in ridding the earth of a monster who is a blasphemy upon the Creator of mankind. *The Vendetta!*

THE MURDEROUS SUBMARINE.

By Fred T. Jane.

Of all the problems brought about by this war, that of the submarine is alike the most novel and the most difficult. The drink problem, the unmarried mother, recruiting, and so on and so forth, are all things about which we can consult the wisdom (or folly) of our ancestors. But the submarine is a complete novelty as a war weapon. This is the first war in which submarines have participated. Consequently, even merely as an orthodox naval arm, the submarine is a problem of the first magnitude, needing time, skill, brains and trial for dealing with it.

The task, therefore, Heaven knows, was hard enough for our sailors; but it is complicated tenfold by the utterly unexpected circumstance of a hitherto presumably civilised nation utilising the best resources of civilisation in order to maim and murder defenceless merchant seamen and still more defenceless passengers, women and children, and this for no direct military advantage, but mainly, if not entirely, with a view to attempting to create a panic amongst those who are no more able to stop the war than they are able to stop the German Crown Prince from burgling.

Senseless Crime.

Perhaps the very worst thing about the whole submarine blockade business is this very obvious futility. An organised attempt to stop food ships would at least have had the precedent of the beleaguered garrison behind it. But all vessels are fish to the German submarine net: a passenger steamer or a trawler is reckoned equal game for the expenditure of torpedoes worth anything from a thousand to fifteen hundred pounds each—possibly more, for the German submarine torpedoes are of special construction. Without being technical, I may mention that they are so modified that their range is reduced to about a thousand yards instead of anything up to ten thousand (the range of the latest ordinary German torpedoes) in order to carry an abnormally heavy explosive charge. This explosive, "T. N. T.," is popularly supposed to be of immense power. Actually, it is only slightly more powerful than the usual explosive; the reason German torpedoes are so violent is practically entirely a matter of the amount carried.

Now a torpedo carries its explosive charge in the head; all the motive power being behind. No technical knowledge is needed to make it clear to anyone that if you double the weight in the nose and halve it in the tail, a torpedo so charged, unless carefully modified, will not behave normally, but tend to sink nose first. The necessary adjustments to compensate are bound to be delicate, and delicate machinery is invariably expensive.

Broadmoor "Business."

One way and another, taking misses into account and the small value of many a victim, we consequently arrive at the fact that every act of "piracy" represents on the average the expenditure of more money than the damage done—that surplus expenditure being anything from 10 to 100 per cent. One can envisage that kind of th ng being contemplated as "sound business" by a homicidal maniac confined in Broadmoor Criminal Lunatic Asylum; but outside it where, except in the councils of the German Admiralty?

Common sense, of course, dictates that the "pirates" should be allowed to share the fate of their victims; but when he sees an enemy drowning, the British sailor will risk his own life cheerfully, even though it be to save "vermin"; and he cannot be stopped at that. That is where we are so behind the enemy; we cannot understand how to hit below the belt, or how to commit cold-blooded murder.

Secondly, the Germans can shield themselves behind some vague "letter of the law." If a merchant ship attempts to ram a hostile submarine or to defend herself, the submarine is "legally" entitled to sink her without warning as a "combatant," and to allow all her crew to drown on the mere excuse of "no chance to pick them up." There is growing evidence that German submarines now deliberately tempt merchant ships to seek safety in self-defence, but ever they keep in mind the proverb, "Dead men tell no tales!"

A Mean Advantage.

Here, then, we have some inkling of the immensity of the problem of the submarine blockade. Common sense, of course, would long ago have dictated that the crews of damaged German submarines should share the fate of their victims; but, as I have indicated above, the British Navy cannot emulate the German one in the callous slaughter of the helpless and the drowning. It *cannot* butcher in cold blood; and there the matter ends and the problem becomes more or less insoluble. We are a tender-hearted nation. *The Germans know it and they take advantage of the circumstance accordingly.*

It is not that the matter has not stirred the nation to its depths. The average British citizen is as deeply interested in the submarine problem as he is even in the Football Finals. Sometimes interested even more! Occasionally he is goaded up to a pitch equal to that which he arrives at when a referee's decision does not consort with the ideas on which he bet.

There are probably no patriotic citizens left who have not invented schemes for destroying hostile submarines. The intentions are excellent—super-excellent, if you will. But—the ordinary non-technical citizen is about as likely to devise a scheme for destroying submarines as he is likely to hit on a scheme for diverting the Martian canal waters to earth use during a dry season.

The periscope of a submarine is not a thing to be seen till it is too late. Once in a way a periscope may be spotted by accident, but the chance is something like one in a thousand.

Trust the Navy.

Submarines can be fought. Our Navy is learning how to fight them. But that fighting is only to be done by trained and technical seamen, working along definite and commonplace lines; not by any startling non-technical inventions or innovations. And we should never forget that the British Navy, being unable to sink to German methods, will ever be compelled to fight with one hand tied behind its back. It is the price our Empire has to pay for lacking that qualification which the Germans call "Kultur," what time honest men use another word.

And there the problem has to remain without any Q. E. D. Sooner or later we shall devise something; sooner or later we shall learn how to deal with a lunatic nation just as we have learned to deal with the individual lunatic. But, "It's a long, long way"; and the solution is still obscure. If only we were Germans it would be as simple as "kiss my hand." But we are not Germans.

There is possibly *some* answer—possibly some way of dealing with the lunatics against whom we are fighting. But, so far, I am grieved to confess I have seen no workable solution of the problem. Short of a determination to treat the whole German nation as vermin to be destroyed without pity, there seems no possible solution whatever.